

## SOME SUGGESTED NOVELTIES IN NECKTIES FOR '99.



The Pineapple.



The Waterfall.



The Flash of Lightning.



The Beetle.



The Haddock.



The Cosaque.

## "PATTI! PATTI!"

(To the air of "Batti! Batti!")

MADAME ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI is now Baroness CEDERSTRÖM, and we mustn't forget it. *O Fortunate Puer!* At the very first sight of the Only ADELINA, the impressionable Baron (not DE BOOK-WORMS, but CEDERSTRÖM), smitten, to the heart by Cupid's dart, exclaimed, "*A l'avenir, pour moi, le mot d'ordre est 'Pati aut Mori!'*" And, added the Swedish nobleman, in excellent English, of which, as well as of several other *lingoes* (languages), he is a perfect master, "Ah! '*Pati aut Mori,*' and the *More* I think of PATTI the less I feel inclined to be satisfied with anything but '*Yes*' as an answer to the one question, '*Will you be mine?*'" So the Diva being asked, "What are you taking?" replied, sweetly, "I am taking pity on this noble swain, and to him will I now say, or sing, '*La ci darem la mano.*'" And didn't they go off together singing, "*Tra-la-*

*la-la-la-la-la-la!*" "Where shall *Les Noces* be?" asked the enraptured bridegroom-in-posse, when he had quite recovered his breath after his surfeit of capers. "*Les Noces?*" returned Madame, with arch humour, "*Craig-y-Noces, hein?*" O joy ecstatic! O happy day! O frabjous day! And how the honoured guests must all have "chortled in their joy!" "Will you wear a train and veil, Madame?" asked the attendant lady's maid. "Will I wear a wreath of roses?" sang the incomparable soprano. "No! Train me no trains. And of what avail a veil? But," added the Queen of Song, suddenly struck by a most original idea, "after the ceremony we will give '*vails*,' as *largesse*, to all my dependants!" ("What price PATTI!" murmured, *sotto voce*, the grateful *soubrette*), "and we'll train up to London, *en route* for Paris" ("*Parigi! O cara!*" hummed the handmaiden), "and in the train we'll have the wedding-breakfast, for which we shall all be ready, eh?" "Quite *en train*, Madame," answered the bright-eyed damsel.

And so it was. Bee-autiful! Patties (oyster, veal and ham, &c.), Patti (de foie gras), Patties of butter, wedding "Patticake, Patti-cake, baker's man," all singing, led by Sir JÖDEL PHILLIPS,

"Make it and bake it and mark it with 'C,'  
An ovenly morsel for ROLFY and me!"

Hail, ADELINA Baroness CEDERSTRÖM! Sound the trumpets! This way for the Wedding March, and no other genuine! Mark time! Now, with a flourish! *Tum tum ti tum tum tum tum, tiddley-um ti tum tum, et cætera!* Stay!—If we are not to hear the Diva at Covent Garden, surely she may be spared for just one evening, to give us "a Nicht wi' PATTI," and "*Home, Sweet Home*" included, at the Albert Hall?

## MORE METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

(Suggested by Common Sense.)

RESTRICTION of waggons at the walk from 1 A.M. to 4 A.M.

Abolition of organs, brass bands, crawlers, and racing 'busses.

Rebuilding of the National Gallery, the towers of Westminster Abbey, and portions of the British and South Kensington Museums.

Removal of three-fourths of the gateways, and nine-tenths of the statues; and finally, better ventilation on the Underground Railway, and a really efficient service of boats on the river.

THE TREASURY UPON WHICH "MA" GENERALLY DRAWS, DESPITE RECENT ROBBERY.—Parr's Bank.

## LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

I.—HYMN TO DIANA (AGED 40).

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,  
When the sun is laid to sleep,  
And to parties you repair,  
Wholly skinned your optic keep:  
Of a "kill" you have by night  
Chances excellently bright!

Let no rival's envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
You, who've oft the running made,  
With an offer yet may close:  
Give him chances, left and right,  
Chances excellently bright!

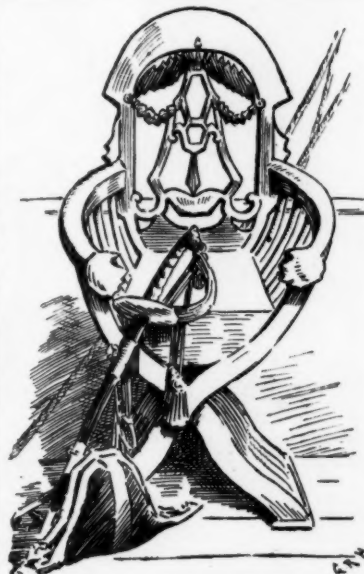
Sharpen then with all your art  
All the arrows in your quiver;  
You may land one in his heart—  
(Or he may not care a stiver).  
You've, at any rate by night,  
Chances excellently bright!



## SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—VIII.

A BIOGRAPHER'S CHAIR.

A genuine, honest piece of the Revolutionary (French) period, founded on a compromise between an editor's chair and a Parliamentary seat. Was disposed of at Newcastle in 1895, slightly damaged, but was re-seated (in eight hours) at Montrose. Now the property of a literary gentleman of a retiring disposition, at present entirely resigned to biography.



## SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—IX.

THE "JOKIM" DECK-CHAIR.

This very beautiful piece of furniture, of German design, is constructed upon a basis of Admiralty Boards and the best British tar, and has lately been supplied with sea-legs.

It was much sat upon by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Now deposited, in a condition of "splendid isolation," at the Admiralty.



"TILL FURTHER NOTICE."

*Sir Peter Teasle* . . . Mr. JOHN BULL.      *Lady Teasle* . . . Madame LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

*Sir Peter.* "AND WE SHALL NOW BE THE HAPPIEST COUPLE——"      *Lady T.* "AND NEVER DIFFER AGAIN!"  
*Sir Peter.* "NEVER—NEVER——"      *Lady T.* "NEVER—NEVER——"      *Both.* "NEVER DIFFER AGAIN!"

(Acting Version. For the remainder of the Dialogue, see "School for Scandal," Act III., Sc. 1.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ENQUIRER.**—You ask, "Is the 'Joke' new" which you have sent us about PARR's Bank shares being, in consequence of the note robbery, "below par?" We have four large pantechicon vans waiting outside our office to remove the MSS. on which that "Joke" is written.

**SOUTH AFRICAN.**—Oh, *perfectly* original, we assure you, that "little thing" you sent in about the Rt. Hon. CECIL making Rail-Rhodes, and also making the South African Rhodes easier. What will we give you for it? You must wait till we have discovered your address. Meantime, we are gathering together a small and unassuming collection of brickbats.

## TRAMPS ABROAD.

"A conference of poor-law guardians met at Southampton to discuss the Hampshire tramp. It was stated that the compulsory bath had not diminished the number of vagrants who applied for relief. On the contrary, they seemed to enjoy it."—*Globe.*

The tramp's abroad! In every lane,  
In every village of the plain,  
By every clump of yellow gorse,  
By every streamlet's winding course,  
Where lazy Avon loiters down  
Through meadows lush to Christchurch town,

From Portsmouth, where the sun-tanned tar  
Crosses, or lingers round, the bar,  
To Aldershot, where soldiers bold  
Die daily, so at least we're told,  
In sham-fight seasons—East and West,  
There is no spot so curst, so blest,  
So high, so low, so dry, so damp,  
But swarms with this our scourge—the tramp.

What can we do? In vain we try  
Each ancient, honoured remedy;  
No art do we neglect, no plan  
Known to the heart of guardian,  
And in our desperation, we  
Prescribe the bath compulsory.  
Yet what avails it? Nothing. They,  
Spoilt sons of a degenerate day,  
They shrink not from it—nay, delight  
To plunge into the bath at night,  
Cry loud for soap, and splash and scrub,  
And seem to revel in the tub.

O Sybaritish Age! O day  
Of self-indulgence and decay!  
Their crusted sires had sooner died  
Than so demean their honest pride,  
But these are dainty as a queen,  
And don't object to being clean.  
When water scares no more, and soap  
Has lost its terror, why, what hope  
For us poor Guardians to damp  
The ardour of our plague—the Tramp?

## SOLD AT THE SALES.

(A Domestic Duologue.)

**Wife.** My dear, please give me half-a-crown.

**Husband.** What for?

**Wife.** To pay for the lovely things I have just brought home from Messrs. BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON'S last sale of remnants.

**Husband.** Good gracious! what on earth made you get all these things? and just as we are settling the Christmas liabilities!

**Wife.** But, dear, they were so cheap! Look at this cage—why, it was originally marked at forty-five shillings, and I got it for eighteen and ninepence!



Brown. "PITY JONES HAS LOST—HIS FIGURE!"  
Robinson. "NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE!"

**Husband.** Why a cage? We have no bird!

**Wife.** But we may have one some day, and it was so cheap! And look at this lovely dinner-service, marked three guineas and I got it for twenty-seven and six! There!

**Husband.** But we have got four already. What can we do with the fifth?

**Wife.** Sure to come in useful—some day; and look at this lovely carriage-clock. Only three guineas, and it was selling before the sale at seven pounds ten and sixpence!

**Husband.** Come, dash it! This is too strong! Why, we had six carriage-clocks as wedding presents.

**Wife.** Yes, dear, but clocks wear out, like everything else.

**Husband.** And we have no carriage to put

it in, and never shall have if you are so extravagant!

**Wife.** Well, I am sorry if you are really vexed. And look here! I have bought—

**Husband (interrupting).** I don't want a catalogue of your folly. What on earth took you into the shop?

**Wife.** Why, dear, I only wanted a reel of cotton.

**Husband.** And did you get it?

**Wife.** No, darling. I entirely forgot it. But never mind, I will go to the sale again to-morrow!

**SURELY A STUPID MOVE.**—The plasterers are going on strike! Of course, if they don't give in they'll be known as the sticking-plasterers.





SIGNS OF IMPROVING TRADE.

## SO COURTLY.

INTERESTING plot, acting good, scenery artistically effective, and costumes perfect. Such must be the public verdict on *A Court Scandal*, [adapted from a French play, dating back some forty years ago, and called, if I remember aright, *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*,] by Messrs. AUBREY BOUCAULT and OSMOND SHILLINGFORD. It would be difficult to find a better representative of the youthful *Duc de Richelieu*, aged nineteen, than Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, though perhaps his young Duchess, as represented by Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD, is somewhat lacking in the artificial grace which is accepted as the special characteristic of the Court of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS makes a stately *Duchesse de Bourgogne*, and sufficiently emphasises the note of genuine feeling which redeems this character from the charge of heartless coquetry.

If Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, as the *Chevalier de Matignon*, would only subdue his apparently irrepressible and hopelessly convulsing laughter at nothing in particular on every occasion, so that one begins to wonder what on earth it is, in the action, the situation, or in anything that he or any one else has said, he finds so intensely amusing, his impersonation would leave nothing to be desired. In the last act, during the duel, he is excellent; so also is Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as the *Duc*.

Mr. BRANDON THOMAS is marvellously made up and amusing as the *Baron de Bellechasse*, being ably seconded by Miss FLORENCE WOOD, some of whose scenes are genuine comedy. Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE's *Abbé de Chavanne* is, in its quiet way, a masterpiece; nothing in the play marks the epoch so distinctly as does this character of the *Abbé*, played as it is here by Mr. BEVERIDGE.

Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS, as *Césarine de Noé*, is a fascinating court-lady, and Miss R. LE THIÈRE portrays the proud and unprincipled mother-in-law, *Madame la Duchesse de Noailles*, in a manner that must make every married man in the audience thank his stars that he has not been induced to marry into a family of which this strong-minded autocrat is the head.

*A Court (Theatre) Scandal*, like any other scandal, must be talked about all over town. The play has only to arouse curiosity, in order to have its deserved success thoroughly established.

## THE LOST LEADER.

(An Old English Ballad.)

EARLY one morning, just as the Court was sitting,  
I heard a Junior whimpering, all in the second row:  
"Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,  
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

"Remember the vows that you made in consultation,  
Remember your retainer, which was special, as you know.  
Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,  
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

"Oh, bad are the pleadings, and many are the pitfalls,  
And shaky are the proofs, and the witnesses may go!  
Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,  
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

"Supposing that the Judge should become a little testy,  
Suppose the Jury restive—what consequence might flow!  
Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,  
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

Thus sang a poor Junior, his sorrows a-bewailing,  
Thus sang a poor Junior all in the second row:  
"Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,  
Who'd ever be a Junior to be forsaken so!"

## County Council Economy—a Fact.

*Traveller on a South London Tram-car (to Conductor).* I see that your buttons bear the letters "L. C. C.," but the monogram on your cap is L. T. C. How is that?

*Conductor.* Well, you see, Sir, the County Council called all our jackets in and re-buttoned them at, I believe, two bob a head; but they thought that we'd better wear the caps till they were worn out.

[Have the ratepayers to thank Mr. WILLIAM BENN, or Mr. JOHN BURNS, or Mr. BAKER, the new Manager, for this splendid abnegation on the part of the L. C. C. ?]

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Selah Harrison* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by Mr. MACNAUGHTAN, is a remarkable book. It is an admirably and simply told story of a religious hero, a Scotchman (as his nationality ought to be, seeing it is written by one MAC and published by another—"The two MACS"), a self-sacrificing episcopalian clergyman, who in England first devotes himself to the service of heathenist hop-pickers, and then conquering his amatory passion for the young lady with whom he has fallen desperately in love, he risks his life in order to convert the savages on a cannibal island. But for his love for one woman and his marriage with another he might have been a kind of St. FRANCIS XAVIER. The story is so convincingly written as to seem less a romance than a narrative of actual facts.

Considering that Mr. HARRY QUILTER, "Barrister-at-law," is, as far as concerns black-and-white art, only an amateur, it is wonderful what an amount of careful, painstaking work he has been able to achieve in his ornamental edition of ROBERT BROWNING's *Pied Piper*, written in black letter by "MARY his wife," and printed and published apparently by Himself, HARRY QUILTER; for as far as the eagle eye of the Baron can see, there is no sign of any printer's or publisher's name and address appearing on the first or last page of the *édition de luxe*. For the Baron to criticise such a book from a professional art stand-point would be of course ungenerous. Suffice it therefore to say that some of the decorative borders, especially the one where the rats, frogs, and bats are inter-worked, are remarkable both for design and execution. The "Barrister-at-law" must have had a vast amount of spare time on his hands, when he is able to devote days, nay months, or even years, to such laborious work. The professional "Barrister-at-law" proves himself an amateur Draughtsman.

There is just issued from the Oxford Press, and my Baronite suspects that no other agency could adequately perform the delicate work, a reproduction of certain famous engravings in the University Galleries at Oxford and in the British Museum. They comprise "*Ara Moriendi*," the work of "the Master E. S." The initials E. S. appear on engravings of a date as early as 1466. All that is left of the craftsman are his work and his initials, to which last followers in the field reverentially prefix "Master." It is surmised that he was a working goldsmith. What is certain is that he was the first artist of note in the history of engraving. The precious possessions of the University and the British Museum are reproduced with absolute fidelity for the study of nineteenth century artists in black and white. Mr. LIONEL CUST prefaces the Art treasures with an interesting and erudite chapter.

Miss KATHARINE TYNAN knows Irish men and women, boys and girls, from their caubeen to their brogues, and ever succeeds in showing them at their best. *The Dear Irish Girl* (SMITH, ELDER) is well named. She proves irresistible with everybody save her aunt in London, a bogie with whom, perhaps because she is of English birth and growth, Miss TYNAN is less successful. She is more at home in Ireland, especially with the peasantry, and the household domestics. *Peter Hegarty*, the general utility man in the O'Connor household, and *Mrs. Behan*, the housekeeper, are "jools." My Baronite is not quite certain whether that is the right word to describe these household treasures. But as we have not their equal in England we naturally have no English word applicable.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## LORD GR-MTH-RPE'S COMMENTARIES.

## No. II.—LORD G. ON JINGOISM.

SIR,—Before sitting down to take me though the mere idea of course is ridiculous I never having said any such remark or thought they would which isn't quite the same thing however much it may appear so to Mr. HARRISON to task (why should he presume to take me to task? is he a sort of Egyptian? if he is I refuse for many reasons my ancestors amongst others to be a Jew bondsman to PHARAOH HARRISON) Mr. HARRISON would but I don't suppose he thinks he would not knowing any better have done better to follow the old advice to verify your (or his) references.

Now I happen to know that it was not Dr. JOWETT (of course Mr. HARRISON which is the sort of thing that class of man do when they forget it supposes it was Dr. JOWETT (I know he hasn't said so in so many words but I suppose I can see as far into a brick wall or Mr. HARRISON's mind for the matter of that as most people)) let me see where was I? these brackets are so confusing that the man who invented them must have been a public enemy, oh, yes well it wasn't Dr. JOWETT who said that but Dr. ROUTH the celebrated I never met him but they told me so President of Magdalen College Oxford. Now it has often struck me but of course this all happened long before I was born as a curious thing that the same College at Cambridge spells its



## FROM "LA CÔTE D'AZUR."

*Fritz the Waiter* (to Lady and Gent. just arrived, and a little at sea, as to the sort of a kind of a place it is). "YES, MADAME, DERE IS SUCH A LOT OF SWIFT PEOPLE HERE. MORE DAN HALF DE PEOPLES WHAT IS HERE IS SWIFT."

name Magdalene and I never knew why they added an "e" at the end of it. Is Mr. HARRISON prepared to explain it? If not hadn't he better shut up and not accuse me of being which I couldn't be if I tried ever so much during a month of Sundays which I for one don't want to spend in any of their restored cathedrals far from it and quite the reverse as ignorant as him.

Now let me come to close quarters with Mr. HARRISON but he won't let me trust him for that they never do. *Mrs. Prig* said (he can read all about it in *Martin* something or other it's a funny name but I've forgotten it for the moment with wit at the end of it which is more than any one can say of his letter) that I don't believe there's no such person and she was speaking of *Mrs. Harris* who probably was his mother if the truth were known for if she had been his grandmother his father would have been called HARRISON and the name by which they would have called him was in that case probably but we know it isn't which proves my point HARRISONSON.

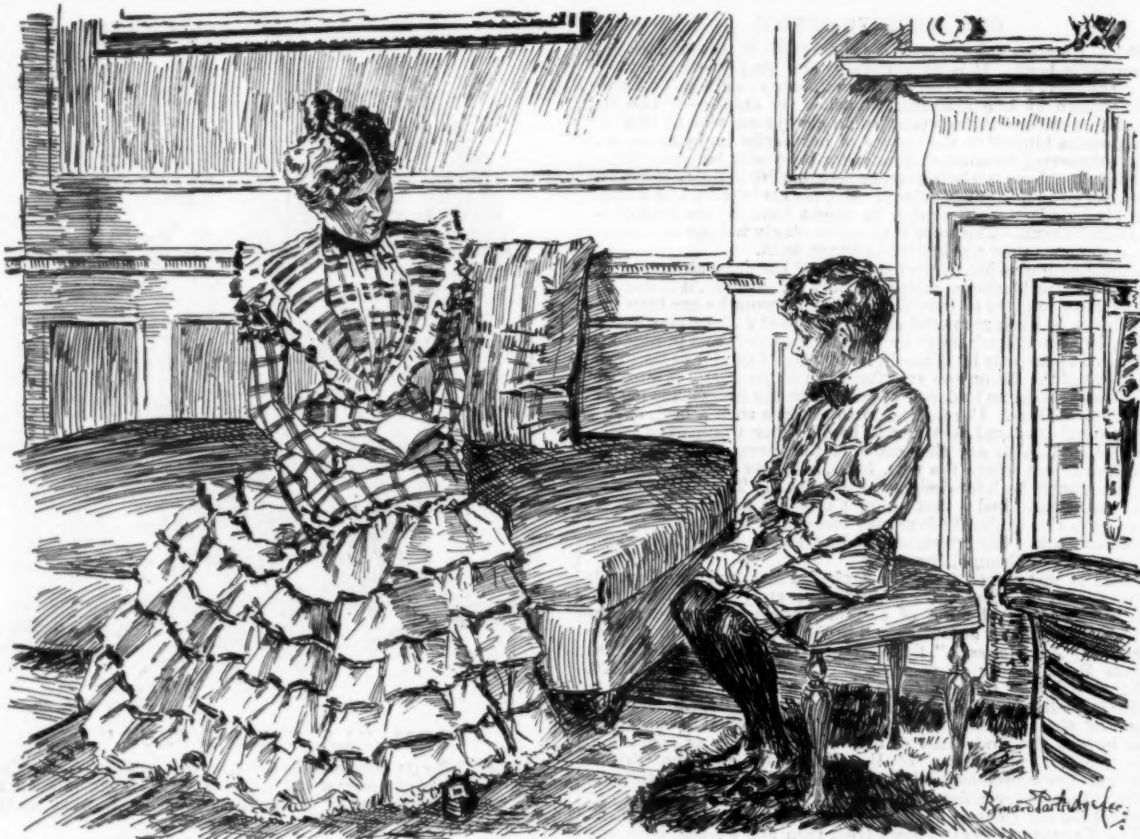
If that is true why am I to be called a Jingo? Is there any rubric or if you like a judgment of a properly constituted ecclesiastical court and we all know in what way they are appointed judges in that court which makes me liable for penalties in that respect? Suppose I went up and down St. James's Street or Piccadilly with a shovel hat on my head and gaiters on my legs beating a tomtom is there any law which says that they may take it from me and consider that I am acting "within the scope of my episcopal duties as defined in 2 & 3 Vict. cap. 502, sect. 6"? I think I know as much as they do about doing it but this isn't saying much and if I'm a Jingo then all I can say is they're a Jingo too and I hope they'll like it when they come home to roost as it always has whenever I had anything to say to it.

All I can say is I hope Mr. HARRISON is pleased for if I haven't got him fixed well on the horns of the stupidest paradox ever invented by any one my name isn't but everybody knows it is what it is.

Yours obediently,

GR-MTH-RPE.

A "PARR" TO FILL UP.—If the PARR's Bank Robbery was not for gain, was it only to obtain Bank—"Note-oriety"?



### THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS WAS A GENTLEMAN.

"AND WHY DID THE DEVIL TEMPT EVE FIRST, DO YOU THINK, GODFREY?"

"OH, MUMMY, LADIES ALWAYS COME FIRST!"

### DEPRECIATIONS.

V.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LIEUT. H-B-S-N, of the U.S.A. Navy (on a bussing tour in Kansas).

A CANDID AMERICAN STRANGER.

Lieut. H-b-s-n. Ay, you are right! There is a weariness Attends the fancy sated to the full Even with what of worship takes the form Of female osculation. That is so. 'Tis true, in my achievement's early prime I did imbibe a boisterous delight To brush the maiden bloom of innocent lips,

Or print in blood my private autograph Upon the brazen cheek of oldish brides, Mothers of families, who might have known Better, but fell before my martial charms, And left me, like to Gascony's cadets, With much to answer for in married homes Reduced to discord. 'Tis a fatal gift; Whereof I taste the penance, being bored. There have been times, after reception held I' th' afternoon, a soirée yet to ensue, And all recorded feats in this department Made silly—five-and-twenty score on end, Not counting duplicates—when I have thought

My lot were lovelier had I been blown Past recognition into regions where

No mortal female might have found my mouth,

What time I sank the blasted *Merrimac*—

*Candid American Stranger (interposing).*

And wasted useful timber. 'Twas a task Success alone had wholly justified. You lost your barge, and left a thoroughfare Could take a first-class squadron two abreast. 'Twere well to count these kisses for a sign Of solace.

H-b-s-n. Sir, 'tis not the bald result, The vulgar issue, sport of circumstance, It is the noble aim exalts a man. And mine, I briefly reckon—my attempt, Right there around in Santiago Bay, Has made the merits of the Saxon race Hum through creation, knocking sparks therefrom.

C. A. S. Say, now; you speak of Saxons? I am one

Has crossed the pond and know my Britain well.

A fighting breed, Sir, each darned man of them,

And keeps a little army goes at need A devil of a distance, there and back.

I tell you, Sir, they have two golden rules

Good for an officer and gentleman—

For so a fine old custom links the names—

To do a brave thing lightly, and forget

Straightway, the deed being done, how brave

it was.

Army or Navy, 'tis a way with them

I' th' service over there. You see the type,

'Most any day o' th' week it likes you look, Fresh come from frontier-fighting (where they shoot

Straighter than Spaniards and are less polite)

Moving down Piccadilly or the Mall

Covered with honours somewhere out of

sight,

And undistinguishable to the eye

From who wears coat of plain civilian cut.

'Guess if a woman kissed him in the street

For joy of homage paid his lion's hide,

The same would be the object of remark!

He'd sooner storm a hundred bastioned

heights

Than face this sort of music. That is so.

H-b-s-n. Stranger, you wrong me. Not as

meed of mine

I take this profuse worship of the sex;

But as the seal of adulation set

Upon Columbia's whole-souled ideal,

Spirit o' th' Young Expansion, plumed of

Heaven,

And sower of civilization down the winds,

I am the solid object serves their end,

Who, womanlike, embrace the concrete fact

Mistrusting mere abstractions.

C. A. S. You but shift

What blame is yours upon the race at large,

Which stakes its womankind against the

world.

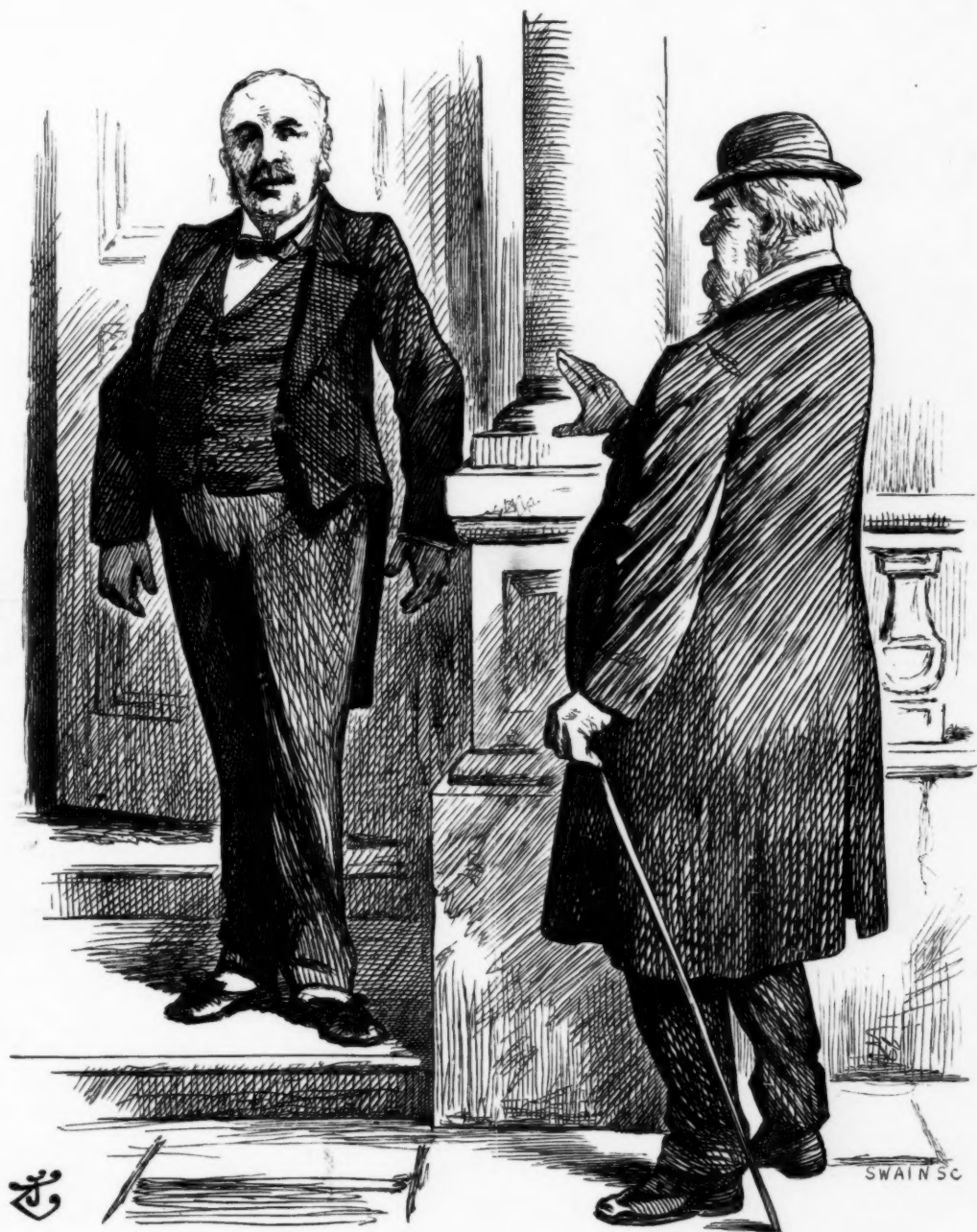
They're what we make them; we, so cock-

a-whoop

Wi' th' petty triumph of a one-horse war,

Forced on a feeble folk, diseased to th' bone,





### THE NEW MAN.

WILLIAM HARCOURT (*who has left the situation*). "WELL, 'ENERY BANNERMAN, SO YOU'VE TOOK THE PLACE, 'AVE YOU? I WISH YOU JOY! SHE USED TO BE A LIBERAL OLD PARTY, BUT NOW SHE'S THAT CONTRAIRY THERE'S NO LIVING WITH HER!"





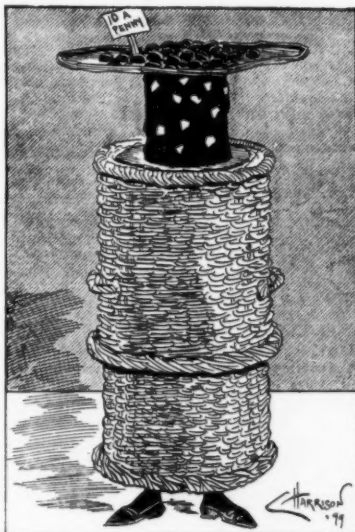


"DUCK, YOU FOOL! DUCK!"

Their fighting base a thousand leagues away,  
We on the home-ground, time and place our  
own,  
With dollars to boot—and bungled work at  
that!  
Yonder in Britain, where they praise your  
pluck,  
And keep unkindly comments to themselves,  
By way of courtesy, as cousins use,  
'Tis an old pastime with them, this of war,  
Time out of mind traditional, taken as  
A thing of course, like matutinal tub.  
Home comes the warrior incidentally  
bronzed:  
A dinner or so, a slap on broad of back,  
"Well played, old man!"—and there the  
matter ends.  
I calculate, Sir, if we mean to fight  
Long-side these men too humble-proud of  
heart  
To wear their pride on the obvious sleeve of  
them,  
I know of some should need to mend their  
manners.

[Train slows down, approaching station.  
H-b-s-n (looking out of window). Behold the  
deepôt. Just a furlong off  
I can discern where eager ambuscades  
Of women wait me under Stars and Stripes  
With straining faces not to be denied.  
I must go through with this. If I survive  
To hear you further, I will come again,  
Having acquired a thirst, and join you in  
A couple o' sherry cobbles. That is so.

A MEMBER of the Upper House writes,  
"I see prominently advertised 'Commons'  
Preservation Society.' Quite unnecessary.  
Surely there is more need of a Lords' Pre-  
servation Society? Who will start it?"



AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

Gentleman (who has impersonated "Roast Chestnuts"). "PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, I'D BETTER HAVE COME AS SOMETHING SIMPLER, AND ENJOYED MYSELF A BIT."

WANTED (after the shock experienced by Parr's Banking Co. Ltd.).—More restoratives.

## NEW SCIP FOR AN OLD SONG.

LAWSON would promoting go,  
Heigh-ho! says HOOLEY,  
Whether his money would let him or no,  
With a HOOLEY, BRADFORD, gammon, and  
spouting,  
Heigh-ho! says HOOLEY.

Let us boom and bull this new beastly-tire,  
Sky-high, says HOOLEY;  
Old ladies, of either sex, come and acquire  
Our HOOLEY-LAWSON shares and debentures,  
Ha, ha! says HOOLEY.

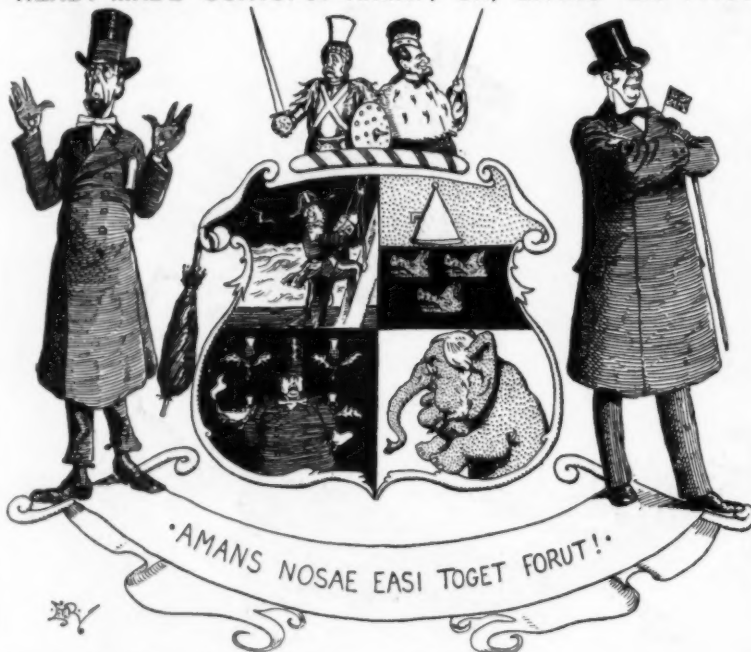
Pray, Mrs. MOUSE, will you take a share?  
One more, says HOOLEY;  
Yes, kind Sirs, in this safe affair,  
In a HOOLEY-LAWSON Company, Limited.  
Ha, ha! says HOOLEY.

But there's always a chance that some fine  
day,  
Heigh, wo! says HOOLEY,  
A BROUGHAM, not a motor, will get in the  
way  
Of a HOOLEY, LAWSON, BRADFORD, and  
Company.  
Woe, woe! says HOOLEY.

OLD CONUNDRUM RE-SET (and, unfortu-  
nately, applicable to any case of "scare" in  
an overcrowded theatre, lecture-room, or con-  
cert-hall).—Q. When is a door not a door?  
A. When it is closed and fastened up.

MOTTO FOR A MODEL MUSIC-HALL EN-  
TERTAINMENT.—"Everything by 'turns'  
and nothing long."

## READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



ARMS FOR SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, G.C.B., M.P.:

*Arms:* Quarterly; 1st, On a sea of turbulence vert a jovial commodore, braided and epauletted proper in bullion, and wearing the insignia of the grand cross of the bath, mounting nimbly the bridge of a fighting-ship, drifting derelict and awash, barnacled, scuttled, riddled, and gutted; 2nd, Under a chief radiant in suavity, several heraldic partibores urgent, armed with queistions perennially brandished out of season, diplomatically exorcised, muzzled, and suppressed; 3rd, On a ground semée of thistles, an elder of the auld licht lichtsome, kaily canny pawky silvery to the fu', bearing an heraldic weebit cruizey or Scottish lantern, findin' salvation in the langsyne proper; 4th, A rugged elephant of the new forest on the war-path, sturdy in protestantism, and fully versed in the rubric, insulated by instincts antijigonée, turned up passée by the rest. *Crest:* A Scottish knight-in-armour, reluctant in temperament, but cedant under stress of suasion, haled, elected and ensconced proper in a cul-de-sac, conjoined kimberley in opposition, portly for the nonce, but will probably gobony in harness (*Motto:* "Locus dulcis!"—"Cheerful post, eh!"). *Supporters:* Dexter, a typical antique radical of retrenchment, straitened in view (kindly lent by the British Museum), arrayed gudée gudée exaterallois to the last regardant paly in dismay the trend gory of the times; Sinister, a modern liberal of imperialism fashodée, statant sanguine on a stricken field, acquiescent in annexation, charged with a shamrock of home-rule slipped vert and demi-erased. (*Second motto:* "Cordate si non cordite!"—"Wisely if without high explosives!")

## CONFIDENCES.

(Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.)

v.

DEAR SIR.—Like many other parents, I am agitated by the problem, "What are we to do with our sons?" I have four of my own, and although the eldest is only eleven, I feel that one can't begin too soon to consider the question of their future careers. The other day I chanced upon an article in an educational magazine, written by that eminent novelist, Mr. H. G. WELLS, which seemed to shed new light upon the matter. This, according to the author of the *War of the Worlds*, is the best course to adopt: Study the tastes of your boys when young; find out what career they then fancy most, by noticing what rôle they prefer to fill in their games. Their real bent, their natural aptitude thus can be discovered, and so, when the time comes, you can place them in the various professions which they chose for themselves years before.

I have carefully carried out this plan, with the following results:

HAROLD, aged eleven, wishes to command a pirate schooner. This profession involves, as he justly remarks, "no beastly swotting,"

no examinations have to be passed in order to qualify for it, and the income, though a little uncertain, is not to be despised—amounting to several shiploads of doubloons a year. I have ventured to point out that pirates not seldom came to a sudden and premature end. "Those were rotters," answers HAROLD, contemptuously, "they jolly well won't catch me!" So HAROLD's profession is as good as settled. I understand that already he has drawn up a list of his crew, which is to include two friends of HAROLD's own age, our curate, the gardener's boy, the local linendraper (who is to contribute the black flag by way of premium), and the cook—"cos she makes such stunnin' hardbake."

DICK, aged nine, has nearly decided to be a Salvation Army preacher—"like EDITH's brother." (EDITH, I may explain, is our housemaid, and her brother, attired in uniform, is sometimes a visitor in our kitchen.) DICK is already training for this calling; yesterday I found him vigorously haranguing an impassive row of his sister's dolls. But he hasn't quite made up his mind whether, after all, he wouldn't rather be a cannibal chief.

I have just interviewed BOB aged eight)

with the double purpose of finding out what profession he fancies most, and of causing him to stop ringing the dinner-bell, which he has been doing with great energy for the last half-hour or so. He informs me that he is DICK WHITTINGTON listening to the chimes, and that he means to be Lord Mayor. I have tried to convince him that this by itself is hardly a sufficient profession. "I'm not going to be a profession," he replies, "I'm going to be Lord Mayor," and his solo on the dinner-bell recommences.

WALTER, aged six, announces his unalterable resolve of being a dustman. No reason for his choice is forthcoming; he only repeats it over and over again with increased conviction. "I won't be a soldier," he cries, indignantly, in reply to a timid suggestion of mine. "Soldiers is silly. I'm going to be a dustman."

So, Sir, if I act upon Mr. WELLS' advice, this difficulty is at an end, and each of my sons is provided with a profession for his later years. But then a further point remains, about which Mr. WELLS is silent, and so I turn to you for guidance.

How and where am I to have my children educated, bearing in mind their subsequent careers? Can you give me the addresses of any training colleges for Pirate Captains, Salvation Army Preachers, Cannibal Chiefs, Lord Mayors, or Dustmen?

Hoping that you will be able to assist me, I am, Sir, Yours in some perplexity,

PATERFAMILIAS.

## A BALLADE OF INCURABLE MALADY.

[An article in the *Lancet* asking, "What is it to grow old?" declares that it is "arterio-sclerosis causing involution of the central neuron."]

THE maidens pass me—and I sigh

To see my poor attractions wane;

Boys that I knew scarce two feet high

Look down upon me with disdain;

And soured in temper, cross of grain,

I ask the doctors' diagnosis;

Thus they my malady explain—

It is arterio-sclerosis.

When stiffening joint and hazy eye

From sport compel me to refrain,

Of prowess in the days gone by

While still inordinately vain;

When sneering friends I entertain

With talk that daily more verbose is—

This is your work in limb and brain,

Alas! arterio-sclerosis.

I seek (but vainly!), far and nigh,

Cure for my ailment to obtain;

Myself each pleasure I deny,

From every dainty I abstain—

Do all the doctors may ordain,

Try plasters, lotions, pills, and doses,

From which all ills relief can gain—

Except arterio-sclerosis.

ENVOY.

Ah, PUNCH! you still your youth retain—

Pray tell by what metempsychosis

We may, like you, escape this bane—

The dread arterio-sclerosis.

## Robbie Burns on the Parr's Bank Robbery.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll cash 'em."

[The chiel must have managed it uncommonly cleverly to have got in "among them." But as to cashing them—well, the biggest having been returned, the next question as to the booty is the title of BULWER LYTTON's novel, *What will he do with it?*]

## MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATISED NOVELS.

II.—DR. THERNE. By R-D-R H-GG-RD.

ACT I.—SCENE—Dr. THERNE's house at Donkeyster. The Doctor sits at a table in his consulting-room, one hand clasping a fevered brow, the other stretched forth towards a glass containing some pale golden fluid. He soliloquises.

Dr. Therne. At length the trial is over, and I am acquitted. The jury found me "Not guilty," but added a rider to the effect that I was not to do it again. So there goes my practice. No one will employ a physician who has been tried for manslaughter, and narrowly escaped conviction. Altogether, I don't see what's to become of me. (Seizing the glass.) But you, you are ever faithful. (Enter, unperceived, STEPHEN STRONG.) Friend of the oppressed, solace of the weary, I have only to quaff you and my griefs will drop from me like a garment, and I shall forget the worries of mortality.

Strong. Ah, would you! (Raises the glass to his lips. Dashes glass from his hand.)

Therne (jumping up). Confound you! Why did you do that?

Strong. I know what you're about. You were going to commit suicide, you were. Just because you've been tried for manslaughter. That's poison, that is—(pointing to fragments of glass)—and you were going to drink it.

Therne. Poison, you fool! It was whisky, whisky and water.

Strong. Whisky?

Therne. Yes. And I needed it after this trial business. A day or two of that kind of thing gets on a man's nerves, I can tell you.

Strong. So it does. Bless your heart, I know. Didn't I go bail for you?

Therne. You did. But that was hardly a reason for spilling my whisky. The question is, how am I to earn my living?

Strong. Can't you go on being a doctor?

Therne. I can go on. But my patients have gone off.

Strong. Why not go into Parliament as an Anti-Vaccinationist?

Therne. But I'm a believer in vaccination—at least when there's small-pox about.

Strong. But when there isn't, you're a conscientious objector? Our position exactly. We'll get you in all right. But no more of that. (Pointing to glass.) No drinks between meals. The Party don't like it. You agree?

Therne. Very well. It's a bargain.

ACT II.—SCENE—Dr. THERNE's study, after dinner. The Doctor, his daughter JANE, and Dr. MERCHISON are sitting round the fire.

Merchison (gloomily). Four more cases at the infirmary this evening, THERNE.

Therne (nervously). Small-pox?

Merchison. Small-pox.

[Nods his head.]

Jane (maliciously). All conscientious objectors, Papa.

Therne (hurriedly). A coincidence, no doubt.

Jane. It's the fifty-eighth coincidence this week, Papa.

Therne. So many? Dear, dear.

Jane. Of course, I'm not afraid for myself. You see, I've been vaccinated.

Therne (leaping up). You, vaccinated! You, the daughter of Dr. THERNE of Donkeyster, the Anti-Vaccinationist M.P.!

Jane (calmly). Yes, this afternoon. You disapprove of vaccination, I know, but ERNEST doesn't, and, as I'm engaged to ERNEST—

Therne (furiously). You are not engaged to Dr. MERCHISON. I forbid you to be engaged to him. Go to bed. (Exit JANE, with dignity.) Dr. MERCHISON, I must ask you to cease to visit at this house. Your arguments have poisoned my daughter's mind.

Merchison. I give you my word, THERNE, I have never attempted to argue with JANE on this subject.

Therne. Your public utterances were enough. Your platform speeches have caused my daughter to disobey me, and I must decline to permit any engagement between you. Good evening.

[Exit Dr. MERCHISON.]

Therne (sitting down by the table and pondering). Fifty-eight cases of small-pox at Donkeyster in a week. Four new cases to-night. How terrible! I wish I had not made myself so prominent as an opponent of vaccination. It would look so bad to change my mind now. And yet I told STRONG I was only an Anti-Vaccinationist as long as there was no small-pox about. But then I didn't tell my constituents. I wonder if I dare— (Opens drawer and takes out tube of lymph.) Curiously enough I have always taken the precaution to have this in the house. I will.

[Removes coat, turns up shirt-sleeve and proceeds to vaccinate himself. As the operation concludes, the door opens silently and JANE steals into the room.]

Jane (pointing to his bare arm, sternly). Papa!

Therne. Jane!

Jane. Oh, Papa, how silly you look!

[Bursts out laughing.]



Frame-maker (to gifted Amateur, who is ordering Frames for a few Prints and Sketches). "AH, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT SOMETHING CHEAP AN' ORDINARY FOR THIS?"

[N.B.—"THIS" was a cherished little Sketch by Our Amateur himself.]

ACT III.—SCENE—The same. Time, next morning. Dr. THERNE seated at his table writing letters.

Servant. Dr. MERCHISON. [Enter MERCHISON. Exit Servant.]

Therne (very stiffly). To what do I owe this pleasure?

Merchison. I've come to ask you to sanction my marriage with your daughter.

Therne. Sir!

Merchison. Pooh, my dear THERNE. Don't be pompous. It's too late. I know all about last night. Come, name the day.

Therne (after thinking for a moment). I will, on one condition.

Merchison. Which is?

Therne. That you let me look at your arm.

Merchison (laughing). But that's absurd. There's nothing the matter with my arm. It's your arm that wants looking at.

Therne. Very well. Call it a whim, only let me look at it.

Merchison. All right. [Removes coat and rolls up shirt-sleeve.]

Therne. Ah, as I thought. No, Sir. I refuse my consent to your marriage with my daughter.

Merchison. Very well, then. I shall tell your constituents that you, who have always posed as an Anti-Vaccinationist, vaccinated yourself last night.

Therne (coldly). And I shall tell my constituents—who, by the way, are mostly your patients—that you, who pose as an ardent vaccinationist, are yourself unvaccinated.

Merchison. Why not?





### ABSENCE.

*Mr. Brownrigg (an absent-minded old Gent.).* "LET ME SEE—DOES MR. BROWNRIFF LIVE HERE?"

*New Servant (not recognising her Master).* "YES, SIR; BUT HE'S NOT IN AT PRESENT."

*Mr. B.* "OH, WELL, NEVER MIND. I'LL CALL AGAIN."

*Therne.* Why not! My dear Sir, you preach vaccination to others, but you won't treat yourself with your own remedy. You and I are in the same boat. I oppose vaccination for others, but undergo it myself. You are in favour of vaccination for others, but are careful to keep that poison out of your own system. I speak as an Anti-Vaccinationist. No, no, my friend. If you disgrace me with my constituents, I will ruin you with your patients.

[*Chuckles amiably.*]

*Merchison (dismally).* You've found me out.

*Therne (genially).* And you've found me out, eh? Well, let's strike a bargain. You say nothing about me and I'll say nothing about you. You agree?

*Merchison.* I agree.

*Therne.* Very well. Then Donkeyster keeps its Member. And, by the way, under these circumstances I've no objection to your marrying my daughter. We scoundrels ought to have a fellow feeling for each other. (*Shaking him by the hand.*) Good morning. (*Curtain.*)

### OLD CLO'!

THE following extract is from the *Daily News* report of proceedings in the Dublin Corporation:—

*Mr. Lenihan.* If they knocked at WILLIAM REDMOND'S clothes, they would get at some of the militiamen inside. (*Laughter and cheers.*)

*Mr. REDMOND* said he wore no coat that was not worn by CHARLES STEWART PARNELL in his early days—(*cheers*)—by JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, or by LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. (*Applause and a Voice:* "They would not fit TOM LENIHAN.")

The euphemism about knocking at an objectionable person's clothes is delicious. But it pales before disclosures volunteered by REDMOND *Cadet* as to the origin of his wardrobe. We hear occasionally of stepping into another man's shoes. But it is rare to have in daily use a coat with such a history as is here recorded.

### THE EARTH'S NEW SHAPE FOR '99.

[According to Dr. J. W. GREGORY's lecture at the Royal Geographical Society, this planet is not an oblate spheroid, but flattened at the Equator as well as at the Poles, with minor distortions elsewhere. It is, in fact, more like a potato or a peg-top than the orange to which we have always been told it should be compared.]

THE poor old Earth's knocked out of shape  
By modish Dr. GREGORY,  
For, measured with his tailor's-tape,  
She's a peg-top or an egg awry.

A common or oblate spheroid  
At school we called our planet;  
A potato must be now employed  
For figure, when you span it.

The Equator's flattened like the Poles,  
When round the Line a don tours,  
And Fashion Mother Earth controls  
Like ladies' sleeves and contours.

### HALF-A-DOZEN "LEAGUES" UNDER THE SEA.

(Being the sequel to M. Jules Verne's famous story by a subsequent hand.)

CAPTAIN NEMO paced the cabin of the *Nautilus* in moody silence. Readers of JULES VERNE will remember that Captain NEMO was usually moody and not infrequently silent. Nor was such silence unbecoming a man of his responsibilities. As commander of the submarine vessel which (at the suggestion of the *Matin* newspaper) had been presented to France by the half-dozen Leagues of Patriots among whom Paris is at present divided, he had a truly responsible post. A proud smile, however, softened the stern lines of his lips as the *Nautilus* sped swiftly along the surface of the English Channel on her mission of destruction. "*Revanche*," he muttered, as he sighted Plymouth, and the crew of the *Nautilus* fell into each other's arms at the word.

But who was Captain NEMO? No one knew. That dark secret lay hidden in the dark soul of this inscrutable man. Some said that in happier days he had proudly borne the name of ESTERHAZY. Some hinted at DU PATY DE CLAM. But none ever ventured to question the mysterious unknown.

Suddenly two mighty battleships hove in sight on the weather bow, from which quarter a sound of firing had for some time been audible. They were steaming rapidly towards the *Nautilus*, and appeared to be pounding one another with considerable energy. Captain NEMO strode to the speaking-tube and shouted an order. There was a sound of battering down hatches, and slowly the submarine vessel began to sink. Summoning the crew into the cabin, Captain NEMO addressed them in a few well-chosen words. He bade them remember the great nation to which they belonged and the greatness of the blow they were about to strike. Intense excitement prevailed on board.

Presently through the green water a huge form loomed above their heads. With his own hand Captain NEMO discharged a torpedo at her. The dull sound of an explosion reached their ears. Then silence. "*C'est fini*," cried the Captain; "*Vive la France!*"

Slowly the *Nautilus* rose to the surface. The hatches were opened and Captain NEMO mounted on to the platform. Within a dozen yards of them was—the enemy's battleship!

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the Captain, "we have sunk the wrong one!"

"*Nous sommes trahis!*" cried the crew. "*A bas la navigation sous-marine! A bas NEMO!*"

Captain NEMO turned on them like a lion. "*Imbéciles!*" he screamed. "*Qu'est-ce que vous voulez? C'est un malheur, sans doute. Mais—*"

At this moment a shell from the surviving battleship struck the *Nautilus*, which began to fill rapidly.

This was the last of the *Nautilus*, which sank in three minutes. If it be the object of a submarine vessel to remain under water for as long a time as possible, she must be considered a striking success. For she has never risen since.

### Not Strictly an Oath.

*Solicitor (in the County Court, to defendant).* Can't you pay the plaintiff a pound a month?

*Defendant.* No. I'll see him £ s. d.—d first!

[*Immediate order by the Judge.*]

SCOTLAND YARD COMMUNICATED WITH.—Q. When the Tsar and Mr. STREAD bring their project to a satisfactory solution, what weapons will be left to us? A. Peace-shooters, of course.